



Mercurius Pragmaticus.

What Monster's this? stand back, the Good Old Cause,
That hath destroyed the Fundamental Laws:
Here's a strange sight, who can abide
To see the Fiend and Saint together ty'd;
Yet not so ty'd, but that they well agree,
To act like Brethren in iniquity.

Jack Presbyter is now in woful plight,
Who now's convinc't, 'tis better eat then fight:
He soundly sleeps, though Liberties and Laws,
Religion too? be murdered by Jack Straws.
Religion too; not so, we ne're had more
Then now, of damning sorts we have great store.
Call England Holland, London Amsterdam,
Since their Religion, and our rule's the same.
But since with them we entertain so many,
I may this may say, we neither, now have any.

*Sapibilem, semperque jocum movere tumultus
Vestri.* ———

HA, ha, ha! *Tempora mutantur.* ----- So it
seems by old Prag. he poor *Iudas* hath sadly
experimented the vicissitudes of Fortunes
mutability, it hath put him to a shrewd stand, and
a deep silence, not knowing what party to flatter, be-
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ing our present Rulers are much like to the playing on Virginals, when one Jack is up, the other is down, and so *vice versa*. Well, I commend him, that he is now sensibly affected with the vulgar pastimes of swinging in a hempen collar, though heretofore he dallied with it so often. Methinks *I* have a great desire to see him as willing to know what shape he hath assumed, for I know him to be excellent good at that *Hocus Pocus* trick; heretofore he needed but *Ianns* two faces, now fifty will scarce serve his turn, the present times looking almost as many wayes. Come, a pox on him, *I* could wish he were not so fullen for the loss of his pension, but reform his pestilent wits, and now write something to the purpose, having a large Theam to treat on, *viz.* Fools, Knaves, and Mad-men; on that condition, *I* should be one that would endeavour the obtaining of his pardon for being heretofore a Turn-coat, if occasion required it, in a farther mutation of times; and who is there that doth not expect so much? what possibility is there that this *rudis indigestaque moles*, or more properly, *Monstrum borendum ingens cui lumen ademptum*, should long usurp and govern us, when they know not how to govern themselves, or one another: But fools must be meddling; which puts me in mind of an emphatical and emblematical picture *I* have seen; the Painter *I* dare say had a plot in it, but none other, as *I* know, but to sell it. It was thus, there was represented a fair and goodly Ass, on whom strode a company of *Jack Adams's*, with their Fools-bables to ride, as one was half up, the other pull'd him down by the legs, and

so as one could not, so he would not suffer the other to get up; the Ass standing very patiently the while, as you may think, he could not well stir, being but pictured. Upon this sight I should have taken the Ass to be the City, but that I could see no horns, which patiently permitted a company of fools and knaves that would fain ride all, and the poor creature is so humble, as to be contented to let any one sit on her back, whether he be a Translator, Lecher, Tagger, Weaver, or a Pig-man, according to the old *British* pronounciation, without the least kick or wince. *O admirandam patientiam!* Do Citizens complain of bad trading? 'tis no wonder, if themselves are so bad, and suffer worse to live amongst them, if men were good, the times would be such: Surely they have posselt the Fiend, otherwise they would not so contentedly saddle their own backs, unlesse it were to shame their horses. I know not wherein they could suffer more, unless they would stand pimp while the Red-coats grafts the Staggs crest on their empty Cods-heads, or finally lend their Foe a knife to cut their own throats. Let this suffice, as a whip, to scourge this dull animal, the Ass. Come new, new, new, who buyes my News here? There's lately come from Hell a fiend, as Embassador extraordinary from *Pluto*, with congratulations from him to this present *Juncto* and Army, with Commission fully to understand the state of the case of this Commonwealth, and whether they have followed exactly, and truly executed these Orders his *Infernal* Highness sent them, dated in the first year of *Englands* slavery and confusion.

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fusion, understanding that this Embassador had taken up his lodgings in *White-Hall*, there being now room enough for him and his Retinue, I went to him to the intent I might understand somewhat of the affairs of the other world. When I came to his lodgings, I admired to see his followers look like Common-wealths men, and himself as like our General as ever he could look; you will say I lie, because none of us know who he is: I found him very ingenuous, in so much, as that he told more then I demanded of him. As first, there's a Councell in Hell of those Army Sectaries that deceas'd, either in, or since these late Civil Wars, but they are only such as were eminent on earth for *Machiavilian Policy*, the President whereof is old *Oliver Lord Protector*; him and *Machiavell* were as well acquainted at the first sight of each other, as if they had known one the other in their Mothers bellies; they are at this present Chamberlains to *Pluto's Fierry Bed-chamber*. As for *Pride*, as *Old Nick* cannot endure him for his witless sconce, so old scorching *Beldam* hateth him, he stinks so of grains; yet there was a Bone-fire made of his Slings and Tallies for joy of his coming thither. He told me of a world of Commanders that were there already, and all the room that they can possible make, is but just enough for the rest that are coming, in so much that it is there generally thought, there will not be room for one single Cavalier, if it should chance that any such one should stray that way. To book, to book, to book; here's old *Pluto's Letter* to the Parliament and Army.

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This Letter, because I immediately received it from the fiend, I shall impart it to you, it had this inscription: To our most true and trusty friends now sitting in our Parliament-House at Westminster; or in their absence, to our equally beloved friends, the Promoters of our Good Old Cause.

Most trusty and well-beloved, we send you greeting: whereas ye (like faithful Subjects to us) have demeaned your selves worthy of that Trust we reposed in you, from the very beginning of Englands late Civil warres, to this present; and that under your usual pretence and cloak of Religion, you have effected our designs and desires, we give you thanks, not questioning but you will persevere to the end, even to the perfecting the work of desolation, and confusion of all the good people of England. But take this caution by the way, send as few to Heaven as you can of those you murder. I give you a hint of your mistake in King Charles, Love, Hewet, cum mille aliis. (Here understand the Devils mistake in speaking Latin to those that can hardly understand it.) 'Tis our request, that you cloy us not with your daily Tribute of stinking Lobsters, I mean your Red-coats, for we intend (if we think it convenient to continue you longer on earth) to come and keep our Court among you at White-Hall; wherefore till you hear further from us, we will and command you not to sell it, nor Sommer-set-House, it may be thought fit to be our Queens Palace.

From our Court held
neer the Stygian Lake,
in the Infernal shades.

PLUTO.

From

From new Bedlam (alias) the Parliament House.

Several Votes past this day, among which were these :

Imprimis, It was taken into consideration, to the intent that the house might not be hindred in their proceedings, by the annoyance of ill smells and vapours, that Alderman *Akins* bring, at least, a pound of the best perfume is to be had, when he comes to sit.

Voted, that Churches be made no more stables, since they have been so infectious to Troopers horses, by whom there hath been occasioned a general horse-plague. If therefore Churches have been so pestiferous to beast, it was taken into consideration, whether they may not prove so to men; and therefore it was resolved to be left to the tender consciences of the ungodly Saints, whether they will preach in a Pulpit, or in a Tub.

Ordered that General *Monk* make a speedy marriage between his words and works, to prevent future discord and dissention.

Voted, that tedious Terms be put down, there being of late a speedier course found out for the decision of controversies, *viz.* the Sword. Let Gowns give place to Guns.

Voted, that this present Parliament sit as long as they can, since 'tis thought they shall not sit as long as they would.

Voted, that Ambition be reckoned among the Cardinal Virtues, since 'tis that sole thing that makes

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makes now *lack of all Trades* Kings, or which is somewhat worse (forsooth) Devils.

'Twas held in long debate, by what monstrous name the *Army* should be christned, since they are a very paradox: You may look upon them, either as *Corpus sine Capite*, or an *Hydra*, a Beast of many heads. I should desire them, when they name the Bastard, Fiend, or whatever may be worse, that the Devil be God-father, *Ambition* and *Avarice*, God-mothers.

Dabit Deus his quoque finem, vel funem.
God these (I hope) will give a rope.

FINIS.